



WRITINGS 37

Writings

13 DECEMBER 1991
thru

3 FEBRUARY 1992

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT
BOOK 28 II

WRITINGS

12 FEB 1993 - 19 MARCH

Pen-Tab

notebook

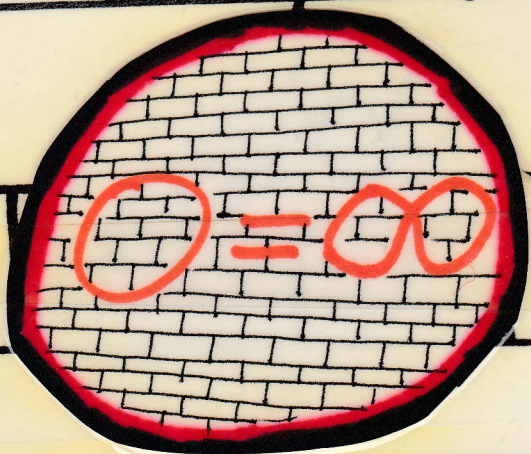


No. 5200/50003
PRUDENTIAL-FELDCO INC.
Glendale, NY 11385/Chicago, IL 60608
City of Industry, CA 91745

5 5
200

SN248408

SN259808



F A P F R < X P

H + I Q J K Y S

↑ B M A ↑ X X X

Writings

Michael W. Heinrich

#36

Writings

3 January 1993 thru 12 February

3 January 1993

"Writing is a form of therapy; sometimes I wonder how all those who do not write, compose or paint can manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is inherent in the human situation." Graham Greene

→ ⊕ This would be a suitable quote for the opening pages of Exerpts From My Diaries: A Psycho-Analysis of My Soul.

M 2928

930 PM Sunday evening

3 January 1993

Reading through the pages written in *Meditations of a Hermit* Book 28 I, I realize I have come a long way in the past thirteen to fourteen months. I left AA altogether, experimented with Rational Recovery, and then stopped attending, I got into reading Immanuel Kant, I met Sherry Nevill's and have seen her practically every day since July 18th. I moved into the Tark House October 31, 1992.

Now I have reached a point where I can be in an intimate relationship with Sherry and continue my study of philosophy at the same time.

I was with Sherry continuously since Wednesday December 30th. Tonight is our first night separated in five days. I do miss her, as I have been reading and writing all day - I miss her in a way that surprises me.

I like to play cards with her, hold her, talk to her, make love to her. I love when she massages my body, and I like to massage her's.

I do need solitude in order to read and write. After I finish reading *A Return To The Self* I want to read parts of *The Portable Jung*.

M 2929

123049 Monday (Sunday night)

4 January 1993

I finished reading a book by Anthony Storr, psychotherapist. It was all about solitude and our need for solitude for the integration of the psyche.

At one time, for a long time, I found meaning in my life and salvation in my solitary pursuit of philosophical insight into the human condition.

When I fell in love with Sherry, I feared I would be forced to abandon my Chosen Path. I even stopped studying philosophy altogether from July 1992 into December 1992.

I did not want Sherry to fear I had decided to remain a hermit, that I did not want to give up my solitary lifestyle.

Since December ¹⁹⁹² I have quickly devoured a book by Carl Jung, then the Scientific Margins of Reality, and lastly Solitude: A Return To The Self.

It was not only a great way of reaffirming and supporting my need for solitude but it was also good preparation and introduction to my next reading project: THE PORTABLE JUNG edited by Joseph Campbell.

My first few years found me exploring Schopenhauer, Hume, Plato, Russell, Nietzsche, Camus, and Kant. Now I will explore Jung, Sartre, study some english skills and return to Schopenhauer, Full Circle

M 2930

6 January 1993

Wednesday

The most difficult parts of the day are getting out of bed and then getting out the door. Both Monday and Tuesday I was productive at work, cleaning bathrooms, powerwashing bucks at VC, and making signs for Leonard's Marina. I also put up the "Kentucky Hideaway" sign by the side door outside.

Yesterday I had dinner over Mom's with Sherry and Lil - Sherry's mom. Then Sherry and I went to the Foodstore and Easy Video. I spent \$100.00 on groceries getting most of what I need for Hamburger, Stretch, Spaghetti Sauce with hot sausages, and Chicken Soup. Sherry and I are very attached, and we spend nearly every night together now that she has a winter recess from Brookdale. She is going to cook a ham for me tonight, I then will watch a movie. I will pick up ground beef and Arturo sauce at the foodtown after I drop off the videos tonight. I have to go to work now, but I hope to carry on an inner dialogue all day. I feel great peace of mind.

13 January 1993

Wednesday morning 6:45 AM

I promised Sherry that I would not write certain things about our relationship or about her personal life, but I am not sure I will be publishing any of this material, and this is a therapeutic exercise.

I wonder if I can use A NEW GUIDE TO RATIONAL LIVING to help Sherry with her problem of "seeing her self as worthless". She really believes that because she is dyslexic that she is useless to society. She does not want to go back to school, although she will go back because she has many doctor bills and health problems — she needs to be a student in order to be covered by her step father's insurance.

Part of me wonders what it has gotten itself into. The real reason Sherry fears pregnancy is because of her hereditary dyslexia. She does not want to consciously put a soul through what she has experienced.

Now is where not only "The Guide", but also The Seat of the Soul may be of use to me. Surprisingly, I also think Schopenhauer's works will assist me in overcoming the situation I am in.

I fell in love with Sherry. What is the main attraction? AFFECTION. I feel wonderfully safe in her arms. The nightmare world outside seems insignificant when we hold each other.

Now I will apply Zukav's psychology:

A five sensory human (male) would be looking for a female for propagation of the race, and he would wonder if dyslexia would harm its chances for survival... external power / fear motivated.

Because I was living by Schopenhauerian philosophy, I did not think I could consciously bring life into existence, knowing it to be what it is.

Now, with Zuvak's world view, with the multisensory human being in mind, it is not external power or survival of the fittest, but a different level of evolution at hand,

based on love, compassion, and authentic power through alignment with our metaphysical souls.

Sherry's soul was born into a body that sees words different than most members of society. She spells words as she hears them. She fears the job market terribly, and she depresses herself with sentences in her mind like: I AM WORTHLESS.

A NEW GUIDE TO RATIONAL LIVING may help me to help her.

It would be rational to encourage Sherry to ride horses again soon, and then continue to encourage her to earn income through this gift she has. It would also be wise to help her stop rating her own worth, to get her to see that she has intrinsic worth/value just because she EXISTS.

13 January 1993 p-2

I may think that I wanted to publish a book about Schopenhauer's philosophy, but I can see now that I am fortunate to have discovered his works, and to write or publish my own philosophic work - although possible - is hardly likely.

I have my notebooks in order to have a channel for creative energies flowing through me. A philosopher who chooses to write a thesis will want leisure, more leisure than even that of a park maintenance worker. Did I really want to be a writer of published material? If I ever do publish material, it won't stand up to the Church of Reason, Academics, unless it is a philosophy/psychology/new age type of book.

Bottom line: the publishing of the proposed A PSYCHO ANALYSIS OF MY SOUL is no longer a significant goal, but merely a personal and private life time exercise in exploring the inner realms of this human condition I am.

Now stated as such, all pressure is off. Do I need to be promoted in my job in order to make me "worth more"? No. My worth is intrinsic because I exist, or as Jesus said, "I AM".

Is there a metaphysical force in Sherry and my relationship?

28 January 1993

On Being Without Financial Security

11 2961 The first thing to realize while facing a bank account with less than \$100.00 and an barren refrigerator, and an annual income less than \$21,000 is that SECURITY IS ABSURD.

An elderly ranger was found dead in his house Monday. Between his state job and his military pension, he grossed over \$70,000.00 per year - but he just faded out of the picture, and his animal body decomposed.

Health is the number one priority for the will to live. Security is shelter, clothing, and food... security is a job.

Security would also be \$60,000.00 in the bank to put down on a house, but I am so broke that to start saving for a house would be pathetic.

First I have to get money for FOOD. FOOD is the first priority, and will continue to be week after week.

If life is suffering, and filled with disturbances and anxiety, how does one eliminate the unnecessary disturbances?

Realize that WISDOM is better than MONEY. WISDOM is greater than FINANCIAL SECURITY.

Friday morning 7:15 AM

29 January 1993

I gross $23\frac{1}{2}$ thousand dollars per year. After taxes, deductions, and rent I take home \$190 per week and I usually spend \$100 per week on food. After car insurance and life's surprises I am broke.

I guess I could say I am a poor man, but from the looks of the house I live in, one would never know it.

For one man, I am doing fine - but to be married is altogether different, especially if I have to deal with a demanding woman who has the stupid belief that existence of the basic sort (food, clothing, shelter) is not worth living.

Because I am content with this and the study of Schopenhauerian Philosophy in my free time, I am leary of rushing into marriage with Sherry. If she eventually decides that I am "not ambitious enough", I will accept her rejection of my lifestyle and I will seek Nirvana through my studies of pessimism.

Am I a "PREACHER OF SCHOPENHAUER'S DOCTRINE"? Am I learning so as to teach his message of pessimism to those I encounter on my short journey through this lifetime?

Or is my study of his works solely for the development of a powerful personal philosophy able to MINIMIZE the SUFFERING OF EXISTENCE by recognizing the universal, rather than getting dragged down by the vicissitudes of daily life?

2 February page 2

6:15 PM

M2950 (1) I wonder how I got into such a depressed condition. I was doing fine all morning, doing the gas reports, using my mathematical skills instead of cleaning the floors. It was about 3PM that I felt it coming over me, a strong mood swing that created a great panic over marriage, procreation, finances, and the WORTH or LACK OF WORTH of existence.

I got to talking to Chuck, Sharon, and Joan about my fears about having to support a wife. Chuck is 100% against procreation for several reasons. Joan says that I am too selfish at this point to think of marriage — if I distrust my companion as to what she purchases at the foodstore, then I am starting off poorly.

Is distrust terrible?

What causes my fears? What exactly do I fear? Do I fear that Sherry will decide that I am too idle, that I lack the ambition to give her the kind of life she dreams about?

Is it "all or nothing"?

Sherry told me that if I did not propose to her within 3 years, she would have to have me behind as she needs to be young and attractive to catch a suitable husband. How does that sit with me? I guess NOTHING IS CERTAIN... I am afraid.

2 February page 4

Tuesday night 11:50 PM

M2982

(1) I had a long argument with Sherry on the telephone in which I was trying to ask her if she thinks she would be happy with me as a mate.

She wanted to get to know me, and after seven months, I figured I would ask her if she was happy with me - now that she knows me intimately.

I told her I want to get beyond "True Love", the Prince/Princess Fantasy Romance, and grow more intimate as companions who have GENUINE LOVE.

She was in tears because she thought I was telling her I did not want to go on having sex relations with her if she didn't plan on becoming my mate.

The future is uncharted territory. She could very well begin to detach from me, keeping her eyes open for new love, so that she can leave me before I end of rejecting her. I hope she does not react this way to my direct confrontation of her refusal to reflect upon our COMPATIBILITY, but it is a possibility.

I am confused. Ofcourse, I do not want to exist as a hermit again. I know I would be alone for a long time - probably more hurt than Sherry would be.

3 February 1993

Wednesday morning 7am

M2983

① Coffee. Cigarette. I am a little worried about the things I talked to Sherry about last night. What initially upset me was my discussion with Chuck, Joan, and Sharon yesterday. I chose to listen to them.

That book I got from the library gave me the idea to crush the Prince/Princess fantasy in hopes of getting to a more practical, more real level of relating to Sherry.

She admitted that she does not want to work, and that she is looking for a man that will put her on a pedestal, who will work to support her and her children. I had better accept the fact that I may be unable to do this, that I would need Sherry to work.

If we do get married, Sherry will most likely save her own money for her own security and we would live on my earnings. Her earnings would be for her own survival in case I decided (or she decided) that we were a MISMATCH.

The first thing to remember this morning is that we are not married, that Sherry is going to school so as not to be forced to work, and that she will continue to go to school/live with her parents to avoid having to work.

Am I willing to continue having sex relations with her even with the possibility that

Sherry fell in love with me only because she was so disenchanted with her last relationship. She was going out with several different guys while I ending her last long term relationship, I but when she met me, she had found her SOULMATE, her Prince, the Expected One. The idea of living in the Tark House with her blonde haired, blue eyed Prince, waking up at noon every day, going out with the girls I periodically, doing laundry, managing my income, I was so alluring that she fell deeply in love with the IDEA.

As for her genuine feelings for me, she thinks I am argumentative, that I think I am always right, that I want things MY WAY OR NO WAY, that I am going to be frugal.

She wants a husband who is "brunt" with money, who showers her with gifts and who generally is not like me at all.

Am I behaving selfishly? Look at the stereo equipment I, CDs and books. Joan said I sounded too selfish to think of marriage; but Grandma Hentrich, Tami, and Mom all insist that Sherry has to GROW UP.

3 February page 2

② To the limit we have reached is an insight into the discord in our relationship, the possibility that, although we have fallen in love we may not be suited for one another.

Is it possible that there is no one to blame, that the reality of our discord is unalterable? Sherry seeks a protector, a provider, a father figure, a rescuer, a saviour, a hero. I am anything but a hero - in fact I may be an ANTI HERO.

With the advice from Mom, Tami, and Grandma gave me about "not letting Sherry have a free ride, as it will make her a spoiled burden", I tend to trust my gut feelings that Sherry is fighting the idea of becoming my mate as an end in itself. She refuses to see mere existence with me as her mate as a worthy goal. She wants more than I am willing to give.

This is not her fault, but just the reality of her demands upon the universe. She may be disappointed, not just with me, but with any man that she becomes intimate with. I would not tell Sherry this, but there is a big chance our marriage would be a nightmare, and we would do better to dissolve

our sexual relations before we poison ourselves emotionally and psychologically.

The truth seems all too clear, that we are simply not compatible, and the chance exists that I will never meet a woman who is compatible with my desire for basic existence with much leisure, few demands, and a minimal amount of hassles.

I think a life with Sherry, with the way she thinks now, would have more hassles than a life alone; but who wants to live alone?

What would our every day existence be like if Sherry has an image of marriage to her husband/hero as the deciding factor of her happiness? Will it not be constant strife?

Is Sherry blind to the fact that I do not fit her desires for a husband, that I am NOT going to shower her with gifts, that I want a woman who is happy with the basics (like my sister).

She is not to blame for her desires; she has a traditional outlook. I may end up a solitary existent after all... BACK TO REALITY.

3 February page 3

still Wednesday morning, 745AM

M2985- ① - a quick note about Bertrand Russels essay "In Praise of Idleness". He denounces "work" as virtuous as nonsense from slave states to keep the wage earner in constant toil, while the rich did nothing.

All the bullshit work ethics fed into my head are nonsense. A man can find great joy in idleness, in laziness, in LEISURE!
In fact Sherry and I both want leisure, but she wants me to work to provide her with leisure and she would have children solely to stay out of the work force, hence her leisure would be shot to hell!

I do not blame Sherry. She is like so many women, looking for the solution to the MONEY PROBLEM in a husband who will provide them a livelihood simply to have them as mates.

It is like she is selling herself. Is marriage prostitution?

② Before I go any further with this, may I remind myself that I did exist before I met Sherry and I will exist if she refuses to put up with my SUBVERSIVE THOUGHTS.

Now I report to "WORK".

M 2997

10 45 PM: I figured out why I write, and why I have written private notebooks since I was thirteen years old.

I write to remain connected to reality, to maintain sanity and a calm, rational state of mind in the face of the chaos and panic-fear of the human situation.

I am not working on a "Book" as I have lead myself to believe, and as Sherry naively wishes. I am basically and directly keeping the invisible fibers of reality centered in the (my) flow of consciousness.

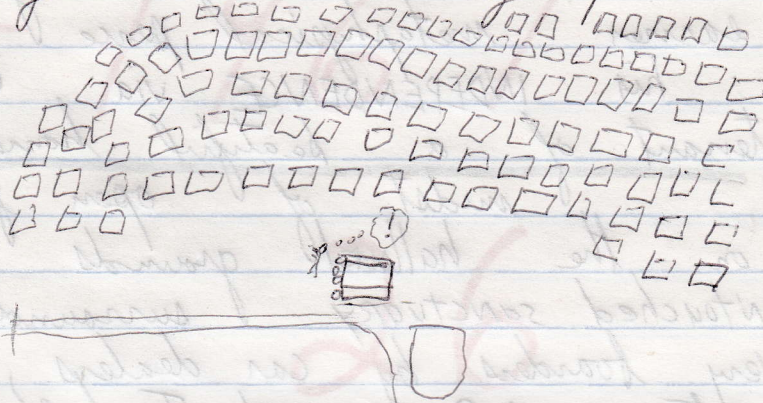
I suspect all human beings are continuously fighting, ignoring, or attempting to quiet the disturbances known to modern man as neurosis, insanity, mental illness, depression, anxiety, panic, despair, etc.

The fact that I was and still am drawn to Schopenhauers works does not automatically commit me to being a disciple nor does my relationship with Sherry demand constant attention, nor does my dependance upon my employment with the park demand that I be forever on my knees in gratitude.

Many insights into reality come to me through non verbal, spontaneous, instantaneous flashes... like "tripping on LSD".

11 February 1993 Thursday morning 9:20 AM

① Dream Recall: a recurring dream of massive development of houses closing in on the Tark House. I am screaming outside towards the houses, "Jews! Jews!" My family has to quiet me so that the authorities don't come and take me away. I am extremely upset.



② Keeping away from these housing developments, whether they be Jews, Italians, or Irish - no matter... keeping them from my "sanctuary" is the primary benefit of my being a tenant at the Tark House. It has become the primary benefit of my job with the State.

③ Today is the twenty sixth anniversary of my birth. I take the day off from work as a gift to my inner self.

④ I am surprised how much Korbzycki's Science and Sanity was going around in my mind last night while I slept. I will purchase it from Waldens if they are able to order it for me.

119116
This is an area of existence that transcends my position in society. My position in society is as a wage earner who would barely afford an apartment and most likely live in his mother's basement if not for a twist in the plot: employee housing at Monmouth Battlefield State Park has granted this wage earner metaphysical peace of mind via his INDEPENDENCE via being the tenant of a beautiful home in the midst of open fields and woods on the hallowed grounds of this untouched sanctuary surrounded on the very borders by car dealers, housing developments, Rt 9, the Freehold Raceway Mall, and Freehold Englishtown Road.

It is all very PSYCHEDELIC in that this is the most perfect hideaway in my childhood habitat. I left untouched even by the Reagan-Bush Era that lasted from 1980 to 1993... and it continues to spread like a disease... I am a part of the disease; yes, I am a CONSUMER - but I also have the great fortune to be able to hide from it - even though I am poor,

⑤ I am off today. I will shower, go to the library, the foodstore, and then read SCIENCE AND SANITY.

⑥ Write date in top right corner in red: 2/11 p 2

12 February 1993₃

M 3008

log in 10:30 PM

4.1 Korzybski's Science and Sanity is "blowing my mind". It inspires me and gives me hope that the diseases of "mental/emotional disturbances" can be fought and eliminated. This disease spreads through the human race through "habits of thought" and "life orientations" by the mechanism and structure of language. It is spread directly or indirectly through parents and teachers, etc... There are also large numbers of men and women who make a profession of SPREADING THE DISEASE. For nearly two thousand years since Aristotle those who control our knowledge and orientation have passed down the worse of Plato and the worse of Aristotle.

4.11 Who controls our knowledge and has Korzybski's system been noticed or utilized yet by those in control - and if it has been utilized (how?) - if it has not been utilized (why not?)

4.2 Before I go liberating anyone from these infectious diseases of rules of life orientations and maladjusted habits of thought, I would be wise to study Korzybski's book and try to restrain my deep rooted convictions (if they are infected).

4.21 I will want to observe Sherry and my nephew and help them eliminate some infectious thoughts and orientations transmitted to them through "parents", "teachers", etc... I will do this cautiously and with integrity. I will want a DEEPER UNDERSTANDING FIRST,

M 3040

Tuesday

16 March 1993,

log 46 in 7AM

1 The past few days have been rough, but I fluctuated between thoughts of death and thoughts of how fortunate I have been to have met Sherry and moved into the Tark House.

2 Luckily I plowed myself out of Central Supply on Saturday night. As for the Park, we have been pecking away at it since Sunday, and although the road is mostly cleared, the parking lot is still a sheet of thick ice - and the bricks by VC are solid ice of snow drift. The Region Office is also a solid sheet of thick ice.

I guess I could have plowed on Saturday night, but I didn't feel safe over there in the storm with a truck. I decided "just wasn't up to the job without a serious risk of damaging the truck."

3 I didn't want to get stuck out there. I was angry at both Jim and Chuck on Sunday, as they pushed the Power Wagon beyond the limit, and yesterday I was irritated by Nancy and Bill's cock sure attitudes. (how easy it is for them to sit on the sidelines and criticize)

4 all night Sunday, Sherry and I cuddled. We seemed to get along so well, but last night there was something bugging me. Was it her "complaining"? She complained about the TV reception, and in bed a constant whining invoked feelings of repulsion in me.